Dear Jim,

12/21/74

Bud sent you another of his transparent running-for-dogcatcher-with-a-college-education bullshit letters. However, he was careful to put an out in for himself. You should also understand that he understands your kind of deadline generally and specifically. He is palsy with Penthouse and Guiciani.

He has a sick ego, he knows he has been the fuckup and the liability in this case and others, and the more I do for him the more he resents me. However, I've been through much of this with him and I believe the only possible way he'll agree is by me keeping after him. His stubbornness is blind, however.

If I were you I'd be thinking about the story. If I can help I will but I still won't hurt Bud. He is sick in the head. And hurting him would hurt Jimmy.

I'm not mailing this letter to him. I couldn't until Mondy. I'll be seeing Jim between here and Washington then and I'll give it to him. One of the reasons is because Bud kids himself by pretending all I say is unreal and he is the only one who knows what real is. It will be less easy if Jim has read it first. However, I don't think Jim will or should argue with him. I'm going to suggest the opposite, that he leave Bud entirely alone on it. I'm also going to ask Jim not to tell him that I won't go to Nashville. Frankly, every minute of it would be bitter. I hate this kind of thing and hate the time it takes and hate the situation that permits no alternative.

One of the cheap tricks in his letter I did not address directly. He has contrived a false record in his files whereby it will appear that Jimmy nixed it. There are other and unworthy ones but they are less important.

By now you should have a better understanding of what I had in mind when I said the case needs support, preferably from a foundation. And, of course, a rational, experienced criminal lawyer.

The real wonder is that we've been able to get where we are cowardly and egocentric as he is. And lazy. While letters of the kind I've been sending him anger him, he also has a fear of what he thinks I might do, so they can have the effect of discouraging some of the playboy attitude. Meanwhile, he knows he can continue to coast on this while basking in all the fame he has done nothing to earn. The real trouble comes when there is a criminal trial with a Memphis (Shelby County) judge. If there is an appeal that is not close.

While looking through an old Whitewash file for a name I noticed that I have two of these stories from a small rural paper with a picture of still another kind of goose, an Emden. He was a pet. Didn't think he was a goose, either. I don't remember the story but I do remember Oskar Hamm Pumpernickle. I really loused up what could have been a great animal book when I wrote his story, the real one, as a catharsis while so desparately trying to do something with Whitewash. Not, that one is Konrad. Oskar was before his time. I even had pictures of him indluging his fetishes. I did not succeed in trying to use myself as his foil, either, I fear.

We had a life-insurance policy on Oskar. Everything except mysterious disappearance. He was goosenapped, police investigation confirmed it and the insurer paid my wife the $100. She wouldn't have sold him for $10,000, even though that was the bitter time of the liquidation of the farm.

If you decide to plan your story now and I can help, let me know. I fear that if you do not plan it you may be rushed. If you do and don't need it, you'll have a benefit, a better understanding to take to an interview.

Best,